

**A breue Cronycle
of the Bysshope of
Romes blessinge, and of his
relates beneficiall and
charitable rewardes,
from the tyme of
Kynge Heralde
vnto this
daye.**

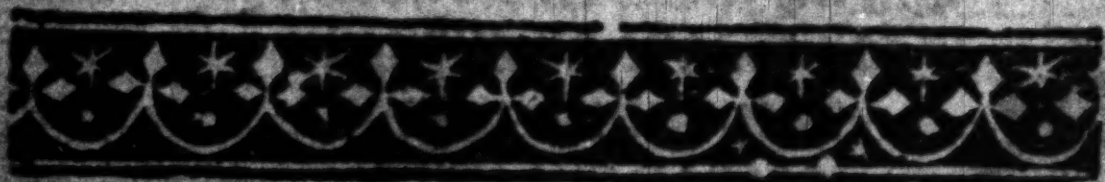
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John Dawe, dwelling in
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**Imprimatur Regali,
Ad imprimendum solum.**

The pzeface.

Who lyst to loke aboute
May i Cronicles soon fide out
what sedes the popysse route
In England hath sownen
Because the tyme is shorte
I shall bryuely reporte,
And wryte in de we sorte
Therin what I haue knowen.



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Kynges Herolde.

In the tyme of Herolde the Kyng
Robert of cāterbury had his banyshinge
Ye may be sure for no good luyng
That euer man harde saye
To William Conqueror the byshop went
To whom Alexander a banner sent
Of cleue remission they boyled entent
Was Englande to dekaue.

William conqueror.

The abbeyes of Englande great & stoute
This kyng caused to be serched oute
The money there founde all rounde aboute
Was brought to the kynges treasure
The byshop of canterbury with many mo
And dyuers abbottes were depriued also
And were made quodams ye may well knowe
For no good demenure.

William the seconde.

With William s. ii. what strife byd make
Byshop Anselme & howe stoute a crake
A. ii.

Made Rafe of chechester for the trybut; sake
For women that priestes dyd paye
This kynge in possession had certayne
The byshoprycke of cāterbury & dyd retayne
Wynton and Sarum in his full mayne
Tyll the houre of his death.
The abbays he solde or to farme dyd lette
The styffe necked prelates he vnder kepte
And with theyr popery he euer mette
So longe as he had brethe.

Henry the fyrste.

A Leine also dyd lyke wyse crake
With Henry the fyrst & out dyd shake
Who he disobediens, and woulde not forsake
To withstande the kynges will.

Stephyn.

By a false othe lyghtly taken (forsaken
Of wyllm of cāterbury Stephen was not
Kynge of Englande, but shortly shaken
Of his mynde he could fulfyll.

Henry the seconde.

That poyson prelate Thomas becket
A saynt by name, but in treason decked
And with popery all to specked
To his later ende,
Proude and stoberne in all assayes
With ye neuer, but euer with naves
His pryncce to withstande thus he alwayes
His mynde dyd fully bende.

Rycharde the fyrste.

To the holy lande archbyshop baldoyne
Of canterbury went full fyne
The kyng tarped not longe behynde
But thether also went
And not without the pryncie counsell
Of the byshoppes yf I dare it tell
That they myght rule and beare the bell
Was they full entent,
Tharchebyshope of yorke alas alas
Alas the kyngs brother who endly dyd pas
His lyfe of byshoppes as the maner was
Nowe it is not so.
All the chaleses gyuen were

To raunsome the kyng beynge prisoner
With the Emperoure more than a yere
For then he myght go.

Kyng John.

What mysery also a longe tyme was
In kyng John tyme, by that wycked as
Stephen Leighton of Canterbury alas, alas
That ever he was borne.

Henry the thyrde.

In the fyrste yere of this kyng
The sayd Stephen dyd in byng
The Legate Pandulph with his blessing
The kyng an othe to take
Whiche was theyr churche for to defende
But suche rebellions against hym dyd bende
That ever after to his lyfes ende
Peace he coude not make.

Edward the fyrste.

The bishop of saint Andrewes in Scotland
With the bishop of bathon made a gret bad

Of dyuers lordes and toke in hand
Agaynst this kynge to fyght
As periured rebelles the byshoppes were sent
By the kynge to the syfre Innocent
The lordes were heddyd and in peaces rent
As traytors shulde be dyght.

Edward the seconde.

Suche stryfe and rebellione
Had Edward the secone
With his lordes eche one
Tyll his latter daye
That yf his prelacy
With theyr priue popery
Had not stonde therby
His lordes had made no fray.

Edward the thyrde.

In this kynges tyme the. bi. Innocent
Gave in Englande benefyce and prebēt
Untyll this kynge sent contrary cōmaūdmēt
To his byshoppes all
This kynge forbade that Peter pens
A.iiij.

Shulde to Rome be gathered from henc
His mynde was and whole pretens
To gouerne great and smale.

Richarde the seconde.

A Ridell of cāterbury in this kyngs tyme
And the erle of darbyfor no male crime
Banyshed were who after dyd clyme
And the kyng was ouerthrowen.

Henry the fourth.

Then was the Erle crowned kyng
Henry the.iiii. this is no lesyng
Of whom the byshops had the rulyng
After theyr owne mynde.

Henry the fyfte.

Henry the fyfte they dyd not let go
Out of theyr rulyng, they wel dyd know
That yf they dyd a mortuall fo
No doubt they shulde hym fynde
This kyng went aboute to take awaye

They: tempoꝛalties, but nyght and daye
His mynde to turne they dyd assaye
With money to conquere fraunce
So in to fraunce the kynge dyd go
Where in short tyme he subdued so
Townes and Castelles he dyd ouer thro
To fraunce a bytter chaunce.

Henry the. vi.

In Henrys dayes the. vi. this is no naye
The good duke of gloceſt was caſt away
By the byſhop of wynecheſter þe prelate gaye
In ſtryfe dydayne and pryde
A cardynall this prelate was made
Who ſhortely after to fraunce yade
Betwene both kynges a peace to be hadde
And there he dyd abyde
With the romyſhe legate to haue his fyl
Of the popyſhe power was all his wyll
But of peace he made no ſkyl
And that dyd well appere
For ever after to Englande fell
Muche miſery, the deuyll of hell
A. b.

Rewarde suche prelates that so both sell
The truth both farre and nere.

Edward the.iiii.

This kyng wold had gottē fraunce agayn
But the prelat; therat dyd soze dildayn
And from that purpose dyd hym refrayne
Whiche caused hate and stryfe
Who lyst the Cronicles for to rede
Shall se to death howe many dyd blede
And howe the prelates helped at nede
With swerde spere or knyfe.

Rycharde the thirde.

This kynges tyme was so thorte
That with hym to haue theyr sporte
The poppe the prelates had no comforte
So feable was theyr myght.

Henry the.vii.

The Deane of Paules with þe prouinciall
Of the blacke fryers & other great & smal
And þe Wyzo of Langley by treason dyd fall

For lacke of godly syght
The Cardynall Morton & Fox of wyndchester
By theyr subtyle counsell confydred togyther
Caused Bolen to be seged with fyre and spere
And many was there stroyed.

Henry the. viij.

Like cautell bled Cardynall Wolsey
By causyng the scottes to ronne and flye
To the Englyshe pale but them quickeley
The Norden men anoyed
And what craftye prākes & prelatys dyd playe
To turne the kynges mynde cleene awaye
When on the petycottes he wolde the paye
Accorpyng to theyr deserte.
Noche therof I nede not wyte
Theyr Dopphe Juggelynge is insyght
And howe agaynst the streame they fyght
Whiche causeth them to smerte
In this kynges tyme ye do well knowe
Howe great an enemye and mortall fo
The Dopphe prelates hath bene also
Agaynst Gods wordes so pure
For whiche wordes onely sake

Many an hert full often to quake
Ryght piteously they dyd make
And for that thyng I you ensure
To the whiche with legge, fete, and toe
They cease not a pace nowe to goe
Full mekely crouchyng and full looe
Gladly agreyng there to
As the kyng in earth supream
Heade of the Church of this realme
Onely to be oure Joyfull beame
We must obey and knowe
And all suche that in autoritie
His grace hath assigned to be
We must obey in eche degre
Or elles we get damnacion
Unto oure selves, this is no ly
The power is gods mynyster to be truly
Yf we do euyl he reuengeth frely
And all for oure saluacion
The pardons also for purgatory
With the detestable synne of buggary
And all kynde of Idolatry
Gods worde hath put to flyght

And myche popery I tell you plainly
That rankely dyd pituely raigne
As nowe is knowen abroad certayne
Gods worde hath brought to lycht
Many thynges mo were hydden
And by the papystes ouer srydden
Whiche abroad be nowe spredde
Dayly before your eye,
Whesat some wolue full sore
But specially that theyr poppe the loze
Whom they had so longe in store
Awaye nowe do fflye
Had not the poole sely foules
So often brought forth to potolles
Spred abroad the poppe the rolles
Of theyr olde fallon
The shameles poppe the large
wolde styll haue bene hardye
And nothyng at all tardye
In theyr habomy nacyon
This is no lye that I you tell
Full cruell were they and full fen
Agaynst them that of the Gospell dyd men
And forsoke theyr fally popery

They knowe not w^h labo^r they knowe w^h payne
They can no longer cloke no^r fayne
And yf they do I tell you certayne
They^r rewarde is playne ropery
Hereof I nede not moche to saye
Many assayde the game and knewe w^h playe
It were best they turne they^r mynde aboaye
And stryfe not agaynst the ryght
Yf they^r lordly power myght ones abate
Then wolde they quykely open the gate
Of true doctryne whiche of late
Kynge Harry hath brought to lyght
God saue kynge Edwardes noble grace
And sende his hyghnes tyme and space
To contynue forth his fathers trace
With force strenght and myght
And sende euyl chauce and croked happes
To all suche p^opysh forked cappes
That gaue so many cursed flappes
For Gods blessed worde
So hath he done it is certayne
They haue not wone I tell you playne
And neuer shall tyll they haue agayne
The p^oppe to be they^r Lorde.

God for bydde.

Thus endeth
this breue
Cronycle.